Moore · Williams III · Gray · Cox · Klein
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PROMETHEA
"...and I saw a woman sitting on a scarlet beast
...Babylon the great, mother of harlots..."
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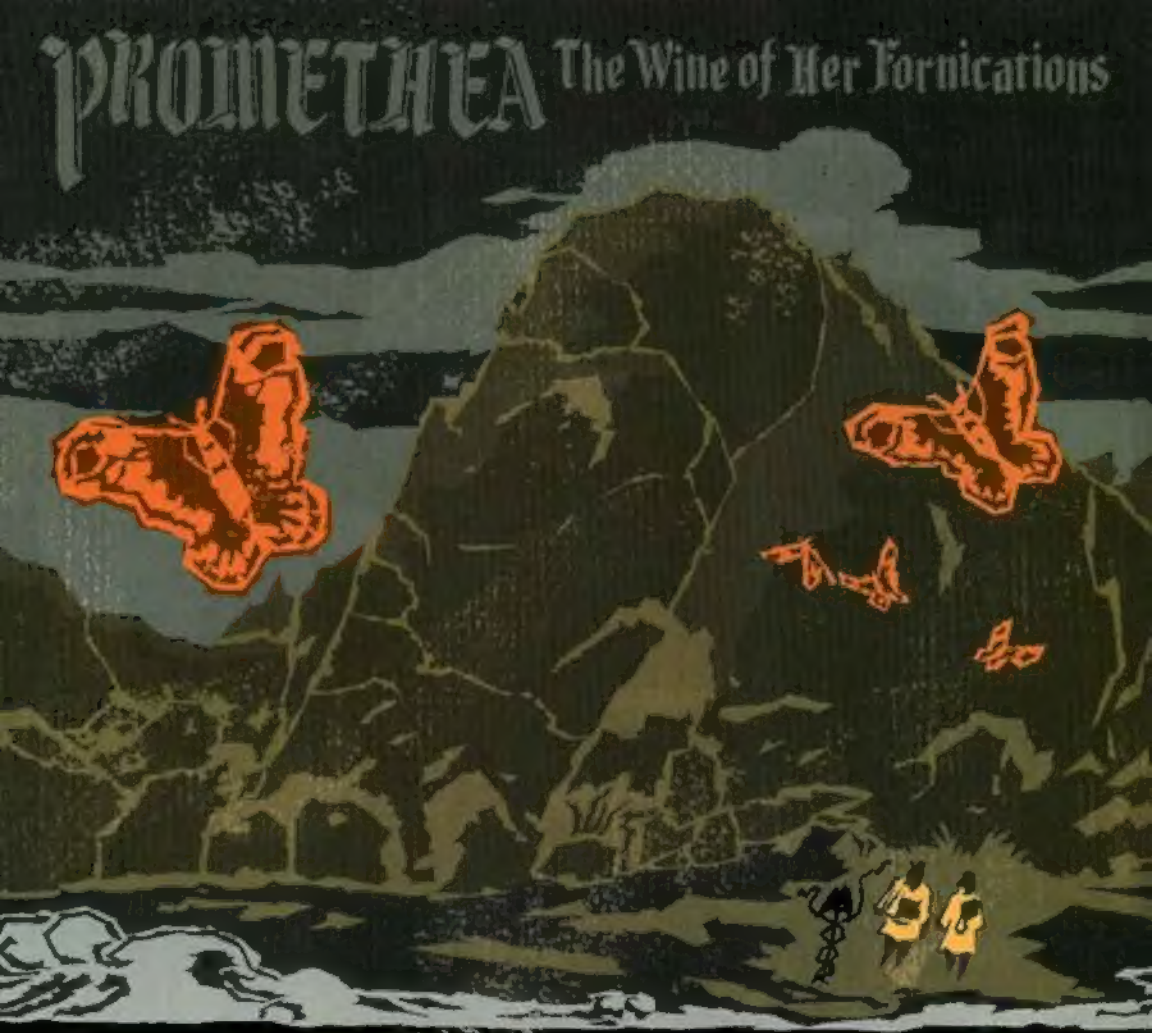
MALKUTH.
KAREN BREUGHEL.
LUCILLE BALL.
(NO RELATION.)
ASTONISHING STORIES!
STACIA VANDERVEER.
MMMM...
YOU WERE INCREDIBLE.
CARNAL POPES
BRUNO SMILIAC.

MADE-OVER PROMETHEA FOILS BANK RAID
EVIL-BI CAN WE TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY?

SO YOU'RE JELLYHEAD.
GOOD NAME.
QUITE PROPHETIC AS IT TURNS OUT.
OH GOD...
OH, MOTHER.
NOW WHY DO SO MANY OF THEM SAY THAT, EH?
WHY "OH, MOTHER?"

PROMETHEA The Wine of Her Fornications



THIS...THIS FEELS LIKE CHURCH SOMEHOW. THAT PERFUMED-HONEY SCENT, THAT'S MYRRH.
AND THIS ARCHWAY. IT'S AS IF I'VE BEEN THROUGH IT BEFORE...
YEAH. ME TOO. ONLY I THINK I WAS COMIN' THE OTHER WAY.

BARBARA, THIS IS HOLY. THIS IS SO HOLY...
I KNOW. HOLY MOTHER OF GOD. HOLY MOTHER OF...PEARL? HOLY HOLE. SOPHIE, I FEEL STRANGE.
AND WHY ARE WE WHISPERING?

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• JIM LEE, Editorial Director • JOHN NEE, VP & General Manager • SCOTT DUNBIER, Group Editor

I DON'T KNOW. IT'S JUST SO SILENT HERE.
BARBARA, THIS THIRD SEPHIROTH, THIS IS GOD. THIS IS GOD'S THIRD HEAD. THAT'S WHERE WE ARE.
I MEAN... GOD. THIS IS IT.
THIS IS HER.

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Promethea created by Moore & Williams III

THIS... THIS IS ALL MY PROMETHEA STUFF. PROMETHEA'S FATHER, HE SAID IT WOULD BE RETURNED TO ME IF...
WAIT A MINUTE. IS THIS MY STUFF? IT LOOKS SORT OF DIFFERENT...
TRY IT ON. IT WON'T FIT ME. BESIDES, I ALREADY GOT ONE.
I DON'T KNOW. I THINK THIS OUTFIT LOOKS TOO BIG FOR ME...OR IS THAT HOW BIG I AM WHEN I'M PROMETHEA?
YOU'RE PRETTY TALL.
WHAT ARE ALL THESE MOTHS? THEY'RE REALLY BEAUTIFUL.
ARE THEY THE SACRED ANIMAL HERE OR SOMETHING?
NO. WE'RE THE SACRED ANIMAL HERE: WOMAN.
BUT THEY'RE FAMILIAR FROM SOMEWHERE. THEY'RE...
OH, WAIT, I KNOW. IT'S THE PROMETHEA MOTH. "PROMETHEA SATURNAIDES" OR SOMETHING...
WHAT, LIKE SATURN THE PLANET? ISN'T THAT WHAT THAT SORTA THREE-SHAPED THING OVER THE ARCH REPRESENTS?
AND THE WAY THIS PLACE SMELLS OF MYRRH. THAT'S WHAT WE SMELL OF, ALL US PROMETHEAS.
IT'S LIKE I SAID. THIS PLACE, IT KNOWS US, IT KNOWS WHO WE ARE.
I... I THINK WE SORT OF BELONG HERE, OR SOMETHING.
YEAH...OR THAT WE SOMEHOW COME FROM HERE.
IT'S...IT'S ALMOST LIKE THERE'S NO NEED TO EVEN TALK ABOUT IT. IT'S... OH.
PROMETHEA.
YOU'RE BACK.
YES.
YES, I THINK I AM.
COME ON. LET'S KEEP WALKING, WHILE I TRY TO UNDERSTAND ALL THIS.

A-ARE YOU STILL SOPHIE?
YES, YES, I AM.
BUT THE PROMETHEA PART OF ME... I'VE BEEN WITH MY FATHER. IT WAS WONDERFUL.
IT SEEMED TO GO ON FOREVER, AND HE TOLD ME SO MANY THINGS.

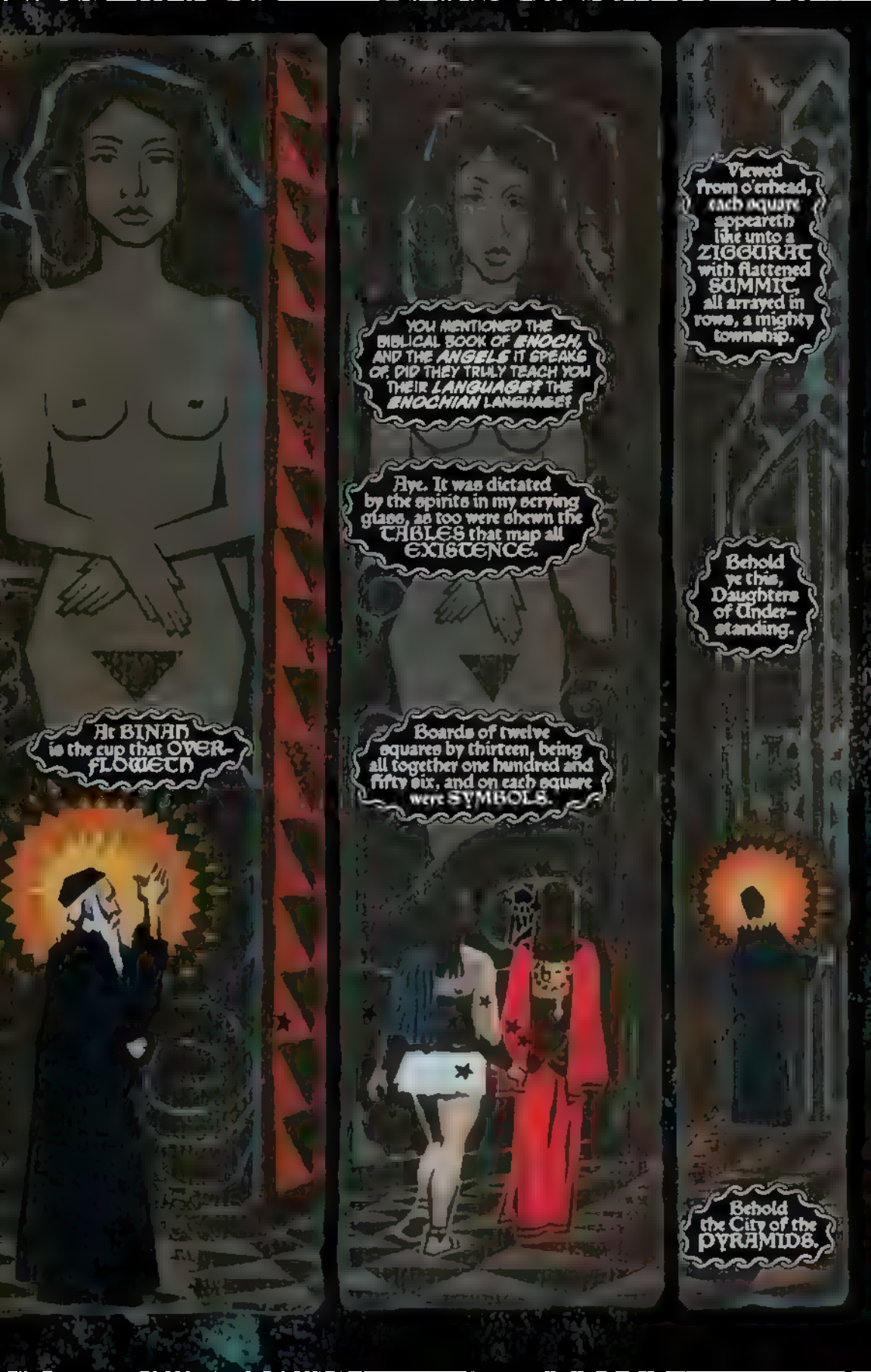
WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE... HE SAID I'D BE DIFFERENT, ONCE I'D CLIMBED THE TREE.
AND HE SAID I'D ALWAYS BE ABLE TO TALK WITH HIM...
...AND HE SAID WE'D MEET OUR MOTHER HERE.

OUR MOTHER? WHAT, YOU MEAN PROMETHEA'S MOTHER?
I... I THINK SO. HE WASN'T REALLY TALKING WITH WORDS.
HE SAID THAT IN BINAH, IN THIS BLACK, THIRD SPHERE, SACRED TO SATURN, HERE'S WHERE WE'D FIND HER.

BINAH'S THE HIGHEST FEMALE SPHERE. THE WORD MEANS "UNDERSTANDING."
HOW THAT'S DIFFERENT FROM DAATH, WHICH MEANS KNOWLEDGE, OR CHOKMAH, MEANING WISDOM, I'M NOT SURE. PERHAPS IT'S LIKE...
SOPHIE, WAIT. LOOK UP AHEAD, IN THE BLACK-NESS...

We are the Powerhouse.
We are the benevolent adepts.
The Illuminati.
...JOHN DEE. YOU'RE DR. JOHN DEE. YOU'RE...
...SAW YOU IN HOD, BUT YOUNGER, AND...
...THESE OUR THOUGHTS? SOPHIE, WE'RE...
...WHAT? WAS THAT YOU OR ME? I'M CONFUSED. I'M...
Come with me.

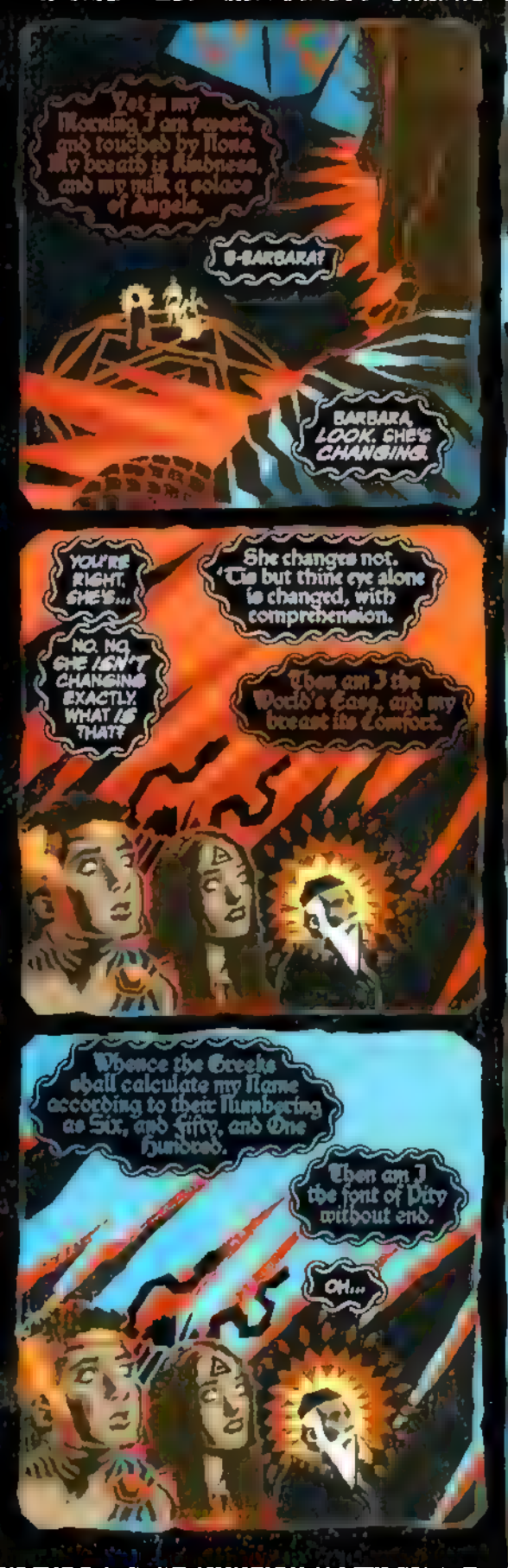
DR. DEE, SIR? THIS IS SOPHIA.
WHAT ARE YOU AND THE OTHER...ADEPTS... DOING HERE AT THE THIRD SPHERE?
Know, child, that here is UNDERSTANDING. That was the all of what we sought, and so we crave no higher place.
For my part, I communed with angels told of in the Book of ENOCH, Hebrew adept SACRED to this third domain.
In this THIRD realm, form becomes possible. The number one suggests a single POINT. With TWO points, we may describe a LINE.
With THREE points, we may enclose a space in two dimensions. We may plot a TRIANGLE.
Seen THUS, the triangle is symbol to the element of WATER. It is here at Binah that all water, all compassion, has its origin.


At BINAH is the cup that OVER-FLOWETH
YOU MENTIONED THE BIBLICAL BOOK OF ENOCH, AND THE ANGELS IT SPEAKS OF. DID THEY TRULY TEACH YOU THEIR LANGUAGE? THE ENOCHIAN LANGUAGE?
Aye. It was dictated by the spirits in my scrying glass, as too were shewn the TABLES that map all EXISTENCE.
Boards of twelve squares by thirteen, being all together one hundred and fifty six, and on each square were SYMBOLS.
Viewed from o'erhead, each square appeareth like unto a ZIGGURAT with flattened SUMMIT, all arrayed in rows, a mighty township.
Behold ye this, Daughters of Under-standing.
Behold the City of the PYRAMIDS.

THE CITY OF THE PYRAMIDS. AND THERE'S SOMEBODY ON TOP OF EVERY ONE...
They are ADEPTS. Having reached here, they will never leave.
On one sits EDWARD KELLY. We were PARTNERS when in life.
Upon another young Jack Parsons sits, betrothed to She who reigneth here.
She promised if he loved Her he should burn eternally, and so he does, in endless ECSTASY.
WHO IS SHE? WHO RULES HERE?
More than one name has She; more than one NATURE.
When men KNOW her, she is then called REVELATION, for she lewdly shews herself.
LEWD? HOW CAN SHE BE LEWD?
Ah, yet she is wanton when she stoops, when she displays her wetness and her mystery alike....
When is She WHORE.
When is She BABALON.

know me.
Worship me, swollen with passion, where are the Saints grown mad upon the sweet foam of my bosom.
Scorn me, for the grid of things is as steers fires about my loins, that glisten, damp with sacrifice.
Enter me wantonly, when am I like the borg of brothels. Be consumed by me.
OH, NO! OH GOD, WHAT'S SHE SAYING?
SHE'S LIE, SOPHIE, SHE'S LIE!
About the markets of the World I am sent bare, until the worst of creatures may lie down with me.
Though wretched and with sores, they shall not be refused.
The Mead of many Hopes is sanctified in me, and is made Holy as the Stars, for I am Understanding.
I DON'T WANNA KNOW! I DON'T WANNA HEAR ANY MORE...
IT'S RAINING. IT'S RAINING LIGHT, IN MY HEAD! AAA!
AAAA!
Whereby they that drink the filth of my Adulteries shall be made clean...
For that which fouls me is the Joy of Paradise. The Seed of Wisdom runneth from my Womb.

Seel I am couched with Beasts, that monsters of the primitive and formless Chaos shall know me.
I am She no earthly Man nor Woman may embrace, that yet is Whore to ALL.
Have I not fallen in thy sight? Hast thou not spat upon my Name?
I...WHEN I UNDERSTOOD SEX...AND THEN, WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT MY PARENTS...
I--I WALKED IN. I WALKED IN ON TRISH AND HER BOYFRIEND SCREWING, A-AND I THOUGHT...
OH GOD.
Hast thou not hated me?
Hast thou not called me Harlot, that endurest thy Father's infinite desires, and plunderest every moment from Her birth?
Then know Me.
In my nakedness I am called Revelation.
AH, GOD. OH, HOLY MOTHER...
In the calculation of the Hebrews shall my Name be numbered Six, and Fifty, and One Hundred.
Then am I the World's Destruction.
Then am I that Understanding wherein all things are concluded.
Am I BABALON.


Yet in my Morning I am sweet, and touched by None. My breath is kindness, and my milk a solace of Angels.
B-BARBARA?
BARBARA, LOOK. SHE'S CHANGING.
YOU'RE RIGHT. SHE'S...
She changes not. 'Tis but thine eye alone is changed, with comprehension.
NO. NO. SHE ISN'T CHANGING EXACTLY. WHAT IS THAT?
Then am I the World's Ease, and my breast its Comfort.
Whence the Greeks shall calculate my Name according to their Numbering as Six, and Fifty, and One Hundred.
Then am I the font of Pity without end.
OH...

Am I MARIE.
Girded with clouds and covered with the firmament am I made Queen of Heaven.

THE WHORE. THE WHORE AND THE MADONNA. THEY'RE BOTH...
TH-THEY'RE...
In my Compassion, have I not stooped Low, so that my aspect is cast down?
Behold, I am the Shekinah. I am the Bride, and on the World's streets ragged go I, and reviled.
In me there is descended the Sophia, that is Wisdom's female face.
SOPHIA? B-BUT THAT'S MY...NO. NO, IT HAS TO BE JUST A COINCIDENCE...
NO, SOPH. IT'S YOU. IT'S YOU SHE'S TALKING TO.

That Understanding is poured out like unto blood from me.

Like noble wine, Mine essence runneth down into the Earth, and therein is degraded and made bitter.

Yet it giveth succor unto all things.

Mother am I, that always the great dark cradle of the Night.

Then am I ISIS, am I HECATE, am I SELENE. Black am I, like to the hidden Moon, or as a Womb.

I taketh in, and I receive.

Virgin am I to they that know me not, and Whore am I to they that know me.

Then am I Scarlet, and made fertile that my Passion is a great annihilating fire that none may look upon.

Then am I BABALON.

And further yet am I sunk down, into the World itself.

Then am I MARY, that conceals her child from Herod. Am I ISIS, that conceals her child from Set.

And further yet am I degraded.

Then am I the Scarlet Woman, Mistress to the Beast, called Crowley.

Leah Hirsig, prostituted in the Paris streets, my star gouged in her breast.

Thus does the Mother go a harlot in the World.

And this is the Vision of Sorrow.

Yet is that Understanding by another means decanted also.

As a fiery mead of Spirit does it flow, that is not in its downward path corrupted.

Fire of Heaven is this Nectar, that not in Earth be soiled, nor quenched.

A burning Moonfoam, then shall this True Blood, this Sangreal, be carried down upon a mighty Chariot.

In its red Vintage is distilled the moment of my dreadful Understanding, unexpressed, that cometh privately, in dark and silence.

That is called APOCALYPSE.

Then is ignited my Affection, and made hot.

Then am I STRENGTH, that straddles Lions, and drunken on the juice of Mine own flames.

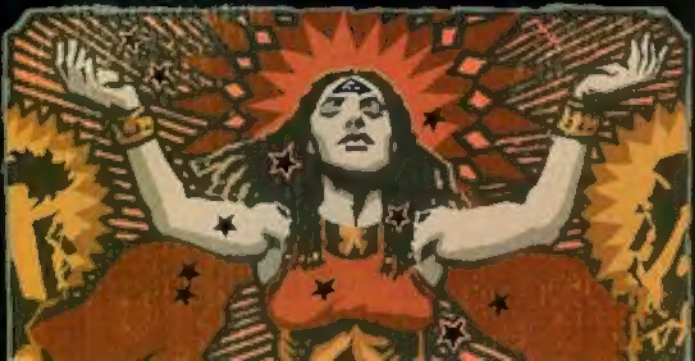
Am I the Concubine of Revelation, known and mounted with her Beast, whose number is a Man.

Revealed to Man, then is my Inspiration come unto the Earth a child.

And is that child become a tale that strikes Fire in the heart.

And is that Fire become a blaze, where in thy time, Man's World must be CONSUMED.

I-IN *THY* NAME? TH-THEN *YOU'RE* THE PROMETHEA WHO OVERSEES THE WORLD'S *END.*



Named for the moth of Saturn, where am I exalted, is she called PROMETHEA.

From Understanding spilled as Wisdom is she called SOPHIA.

And this is the Vision of Compassion.

Pass on, Daughters of Understanding, robed in Mercy, Strong in Judgment.
Harmony art thou, and Victory. From Splendour is thy radiance in the Foundation, whence shall the Kingdom be enflamed.
Pass on, from Comprehension to that which be Understood. From Silence to the Word that comes before.
Pass from the Womb of Forming unto that which be Inchoate. Pass from Water unto Fire.
Unto the HIGHEST.
I...I ALMOST GET IT, Y'KNOW?
IT...IT'S LIKE, WITH UNDERSTANDING YOU GET SORROW. AND WITH SORROW YOU GET COMPASSION.
Aye. And you, sweet spirits, are her tears, that water all the Earth, and make it fruitful.
I--I'M STILL TRYING TO TAKE THIS IN, THIS...THIS RESPONSIBILITY.
IT'S AS IF...WHAT I AM, WHAT I HAVE TO DO. IT'S AS IF IT WAS ALL SET OUT EVEN BEFORE MY MOM NAMED ME.
Before thou wert CONCEIVED, child. Is it not most fearsome, and most marvellous?
Like you, I was afraid when first the Angels told the dreadful things that I should do.
And yet I did them.

BUT...TO UNDERSTAND THAT I'M GOING TO PRESIDE OVER THE END OF EVERY-THING...
Nay, not everything, but only that tawdry and low theatre that is called the World of Man.
Now must ye hasten on towards thy destinies, whate'er they be. The path of DALETH, that is like a door, awaits thee.
AND THAT'S THE PATH THAT LEADS TO SPHERE TWO, RIGHT? MAYBE THAT'S WHERE I'LL FIND STEVE.
Mayhap, but it is here that I must take my leave of thee upon the fourteenth highway, where abides the EMPRESS.
Fare you well, good wives. Say nothing as thou take thy leave of SILENCE.

HEY.
HEY, WE'RE TALKING AGAIN.
OUT LOUD.
YES.
BARBARA, I FEEL SO DIFFERENT. IT'S LIKE IN EVERY NEW PLACE, I'M A NEW PERSON.
WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOUR HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL DIDN'T RETURN AFTER THE ABYSS, LIKE YOU WERE PROMISED.
HEH. THE £$%& SHE DIDN'T.
BOO-BOO?
YEAH. I JUST HAD TO REMEMBER MYSELF, IS ALL.
INSIDE, I WAS ALWAYS THIS £$%&IN' GORGEOUS. MY ASS WAS ALWAYS THIS GREAT. AND I NEVER CARED A £$%& FOR NOTHIN' BUT DOIN' RIGHT.
Y'KNOW, THIS PATH IS £$%&IN' BEAUTIFUL, MAN.
DIDN'T DEE SAY THIS PATH WAS THE EMPRESS? HOW COME WE DON'T SEE HER?
I THINK THIS GREENERY IS HER. MOTHER NATURE, THAT'S THE EMPRESS. ENDLESS FERTILITY.
IT'S THIS PATH THAT FIRST CONNECTS THE HIGHEST FEMALE FORCE WITH THE MALE, FERTILIZING HER.
14
ON A FIRST DATE?
BOY.
SHE REALLY IS A BIG WHORE.
ET IN ARCADIA EGO